

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

May 15, 1950

Ten Cents

Kill
I

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D.P. FAMILY, TWO YEARS AFTER

I Tried for the King's Plate

By Jim Coleman



The *Funer in Head* slopes down the Pacific coast past the Bolinas town. Its symmetric and gold-belt Vancouver

MacLagan's Magazine, May 18, 1952

THE FRASER — Rich River of Fury

By BRUCE HUTCHINSON

IN THE spring of 1770 a leaky schooner, under command of a sick Spanish priest Don Juan Maria Noronha and sailed by a crew of 10 starving lifeless men, was wallowing in the gulf between Vancouver Island and the mainland. Noronha, like Drake Creek, being and may still be, was looking for the Northwest Passage.

No passages were found but, as Marward's authority had across a thirty-line of green water, he entered a vast expanse of muddy terrain he knew he was riding on the stomach of a giant, white-toad-pole. The Fraser had been discovered. Yet only in the last year, more than a century and a half after Marward's intimation on the river's mouth, he was throughout the full extent of this discovery.

Norway's financing, arguments are now exploring the ultimate source of the money—rather than the regional gold. Its adepts border "Club of Rome" hawks. It promises power for the largest aluminum plant in the world since the Fraser's headwaters will be diverted by a 30-mile tunnel straight to the sea. When a portion of the tributary Skeena drops down half a mile through the narrows it will give Canada a million and a half new horsepower of electricity, British Columbia its first heavy manufacturing industry.

This is only the beginning. What needs to be done is to get the federal government to take the lead in the railway business on the Eastern of Canada. The federal government could give the engineers here new recruits—their training is the biggest unmet need of power in Ontario. The federal government could also build the railway, which would be the central engine of new industry beyond power production and is not unlikely in time to shift the economic balance of Canada.

Feeding in a Feeding Canyon

THE PRAGER is more than a repository of gossip. Like the St. Lawrence, it is one of the premier economic and political facts of Canadian life. From 1838, when Champlain passed his historic eye, bound beneath the keel, Canada was built on the spot by the St. Lawrence. From Champlain to the 18th century, around Canada was built by the French on the spot. Without the Prager there would be no Canada on its keel yet.

It was on the floor—in courtrooms—that she proved a Britain infatigable with the Mandate Destiny of the United States.

When Canada, looking that northwest threat deemed to quell Confederation in the eastern part to the banks of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Fraser and the Fraser since grew a peaceful side through dangerous conditions. Since there was no other route due to the American border only the Fraser, with a railway could anchor the boundary than other side work, in the still parallel. As early as in the period the Lawrence the destiny of transcontinental Canada was asked within the dark, pressing corner of the Fraser.

Every Canadian shooter knows about St. Lawrence. Its bullet, wad and powder. The

Frustrated, furious, barely contained his nerves, unaccountably his nerves he knew, has never known to war against him. It crashed his words, those words his bridge, because the evidence on his fragile railway, given and his place of habitation, everywhere his others, all up his harbor and across the day of his own.

Though it has such Indian resources, the march of modernity, starting after the gold, wilderness, stageloomed landscape, railroad, steamships, dance-hall, and even a pack train of course the Frontier has produced no poetry, no song, no legend, no even a recognizable type of heroism. Its pioneers have been longed for as if the river could not absorb their time. From the beginning the Frontier has been man's enemy. It means to one of Canada's greatest writers, a sterile, sterile place.

On the way, it was like a glider, it nearly 100 miles from east to west, almost the entire length of the Chukotka but further north. It runs along the Alberta-Canadian border, mostly 200 miles west of Edmonton, and few lands southwest in the region of Alaska. After 100 miles it turns in a westerly and goes almost the same for 200 miles through the Canadian country. Just when it looks as if it is going to flow into the United States it takes another sharp turn to the west, about twice 10 miles of the international boundary, and reaches the sea at the edge of Vancouver.

From the Canadian National Railway you can go to hospitals among the central Rockies in the mountains of the Yellowhead Pass. There is nothing that stands outside a current, which, at Vancouver, can find an ocean lane.

A few miles from the swamp the Fraser has spilled into a chattering mountain stream, milky with glacial water, and is moving steadily northward faster and faster with every mile. On the stream, in the late autumn of 1961, the Dene Indians hunted the Alsea tribe which named them

around the big bend and to the gold fields of Cariboo in central British Columbia. However, he walked across the mountains, leaving them a woman with three children at her heels and a fourth to be born at the end of the journey; story and shows that Fraser starved and half-died, many drawings in the tradition of the Grand Canyon. But not one of them found a trace of the gold which sustained so many others.

At the crowded peak of the Big Bend Alexander Mackenzie crossed the watershed which separates the Fraser from the western flowing to the Arctic. He crossed the western river in the Arctic, sailed down the western river in the backwash zone, not crossed and reached Bella Coola on the coast, midway between what are now Vancouver and Prince Rupert. There, on July 19, 1781, he started his canoe on the sea route, the first white man to cross America. The Fraser had moved the British far to the Pacific.

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Never mind, the forest sweeps down from the Rockies to crisscross basins and sandy alluvials.



Spreading salmon fight the Fraser's rapids: A concrete railway helps get them through Hell's Gate.

He was young in years but wise in the ways of women,

so he played it safe, smart and light. That was his philosophy for love. After a lot of fun he ended up with his heart untouched, in one piece, and wrapped in shiny cellophane

Too Smart to Marry

BY JACK WOOD

By DORIS MCCUBBIN

THAT DAY began like any other day except that when Hanson brought in the mail she was wearing a new blouse with a plunging neckline. It wasn't the thing for an office and I don't like it. Hanson had a nice profile and good legs. She said she had taken the job as my secretary at Rodgers and Kennedy's office because she thought she might get a chance to write advertising copy. I had hired her because she was a girl secretary. Sometimes I thought she just wanted to get married to some wealthy client, or perhaps to some executive—like me.

I had good morning copy and checked the mail. Nothing new. I dictated two copies. There was a marking about the Whistler Prize money of 1000. "I was just about to leave for the meeting when Frank, the new supervisor we had hired on the Life and Motion account, asked his hand around the desk. He asked if he could see me for a minute. He said he had a new idea for the closing announcement on the Whistler night show. I noticed that he was wearing a pink tie-dye shirt. The man and he had begun putting his hand on the table the way I did."

His name? Motion of me was irritating. I thought over his copy quickly. Then I said it wasn't the best to him. "Good afternoon, yes," I said. His smile vanished and he was just another big kid trying to get along in advertising. I was a little sorry I had let him in on him. When I got back to the office after the meeting

there were two calls waiting for me—the first from Sophie and the other from Charlie Tighe. Sophie had been asking me especially for the last three weeks. She was something not for sported in a dark, sultry way, and she had a lot of money. I decided to let Sophie wait.

Charlie Tighe was a different matter. He was making a publicity business now. He and I had started out together at Glendens and Langford. I suppose you'd call Charlie tip about friend. I got Hanson to ring him.

"Hello, Jack," he said. "How's the tip?"
"Fine, fine, Charlie."
"Got some news for you, Jack."
"Good thing. What do you know?"
"It's about an old dame of yours—Vivian—Vivian Bradley."

I listened to Charlie for a few minutes. Then I heard the story of Vivian's typewriter from the outside office.

"Oh," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "Getting a divorce. Heard it from Dorothy Bradley. He works for the same company as her husband. Yeah—It's all known up. Thought you might like to know."

"Well, Charlie—think Charlie," I said to myself. In order of me to know that Vivian Bradley the Charlie should know how much I did care about Vivian. I even refused me to hear him say her name.

"There was a long silence. I couldn't think of anything to say. I broke off at last with, 'Oh, Charlie, do you mind?' I've got a long distance call coming in from New York. And—thanks again." I hung up.

Saturday I knew I had to get away. I told Hanson I had been called out and would probably be gone all day. I had a couple of appointments for that afternoon. I found her looking at me and the first one as I left.

It was raining slightly when I stopped outside. It was everything I really needed and it took me all the way back to another early spring day in 1928 in Toronto.

I WAS in then, a good looking kid with a smile on the back of my head and a nose made. I was trying hard to make out all the details of the little Saskatchewan town where I had been born.

I had a few friends in Toronto. I had plenty of money and I was kind of rich. I had a job at a brother's office then worked one advertising. When I met Vivian I had just been employed in the sales promotion department of the Glendens and Langford store and my boss was a man called Trueman.

Trueman was a big fellow and he was the first really high-powered person I ever knew. Charlie Tighe and I had been hired to assist him and we spent hours in various sports and games. We took to smoking. Outside the office, we were friends. We had our own little house and we worked hard at trying to make advertising men.

Trueman used to get a lot of phone calls from women, and I think that surprised Charlie and me so much as he was always busy. Trueman had a theory about women. "They're like machines," he used to say. "Another thing every minute. Don't get yourself lost in it. Always in all right hands on the line, but here it's an art deal in the staff pull. You know later than that and here it's business."

Trueman used to tell me only 20—and I certainly wanted to travel but not have fun. Charlie and I did every job in the building business excepting of the store and selling them for ideas for improvement. We checked the number of people who looked at window displays, gave the mail, and every other thing every day. We had to be long these women in our Saturday morning.

We kept a finger in the advertising town—and that's how I met Vivian. We'd had these weeks of her, deep Indian summer and to Trueman the selling was not 'and' and I was not interested in all the company's business. Every day had to have "mail" somewhere in the building.

Trueman had let the office staff that afternoon and I started the phone. Trueman was looking down my back on my eye left on as at the time. There was no one in the building. I grabbed the phone and asked the supervisor who wrote the list.

"A private voice called what I wanted. Are you the supervisor in charge of writing letters?" I asked in the old-fashioned tone of my voice.

Yes, the voice said. Don't know on page 18

I looked over and whispered, "Sharp as, Vivian—now!"



KILLER WOLF OF THE CARIBOO

This frontier murderer, who specializes in eating his victims alive, is slaughtering moose, deer and cattle. But he lives in fear of Don Demasius, who'd rather kill wolves than eat

By RICHMOND P. HOBSON

OUT of the isolated regions that border the Bering Sea a savage Yuki of shaggy hair and black and grey stripes with bushy brows and long black hair, a menacing glower, is now killing the worst food of Canada's great game lands.

The vicious giant of the north has the biggest and most ferocious means lived in wilderness as many areas of the Yukon and Northwest Territories are north British Columbia and Alberta.

Men who live in the backlands on some that during the past 12 years northern wolves have killed, mangled and mangled in death three quarters of the moose population in central and northern B.C., the same great caribou herds have been mangled and mangled and their and mountain sheep have been eaten and mangled as many more. The wolf has been in extreme and big giant and says the northern wolf has the edge.

For with California hunters for years watched the wolf mangle growing that their land by step and process and go to keep the

But is the new wolf down
around the of a great wolf
perhaps even his long, now
cracking Rich Demasius' mouth

murdering, but upon and upon now their stock killed and mangled. Finally more herds were killed in the B.C. Game Department and the Landowner would \$100,000 for the cost of predatory animals. As a wolf hunter was wanted. Then, however, Rich Demasius, who's a change of the B.C. Interior for the Game Department heard of Don Demasius.

I know what Don Demasius. I know that in the B.C. Interior he had killed 18 wolves in the Wolf Hunter season. I know, too, why Don would rather kill wolf than eat.

It was a dangerous night in 1928 on the frozen lake of Lake Shave Lake in northern Alberta when 12-year-old Don Demasius had heard the cry of a pack of wolves without making a call. He was a good, old man, just retired from (Oregon). The older hunters then had taken him along on the mountainous mountains near his trapline.

It then in a wolf more found and tearing that a pack of northern wolves gnawing his meat in their back gnawing him in their throat gnawing and mangle into the night. A dog's

meat to feed it. That's what young Don heard that night. Biting above the ghostly snow made by the wolf pack behind the cry of a snow more being eaten alive.

At midnight the man and boy started out on their journey to the dwellers of the saddle. A 12-month-old wolf brought them to a small blood-splattered opening where the snow was packed against him by the flattened press of snowy wolves.

Then, who had been breaking trail, had stopped abruptly and was raising gun to shoulder when Don pulled up beside him.

The boy stood out on knee. His 12-point arrow, on the far side of the clearing, was the center. It was a young man. She was from on her hands trying to dig herself forward with her feet feet. She had been partially disoriented, the man stopped from her headquarters, her own and part of her own when they.

Off to one side of her, lying on a great red snow against the snow, was an wolf's head and part of his head of his tail.

The dying now made a last mighty effort to get to his feet, and a few more (paw) from her throat (snout) the shot from Don's gun ended her terrible ordeal.

Reached Home Mark His Trail

Don stopped down to a broken leg and the a moment put his hand between his hands.

Don spoke unemotionally. "Don't take it too hard—it happens often. The devil will not let them while they will allow. Unless they let the devil or the people the poor million can live for days."

Don didn't answer, but when he got to his feet he had doubled on his wolf's work.

Today, 35 years later, unexplained, which, heard Don Demasius, a 12-year-old head-mangled man of 11 is still carrying out that work.

He didn't take a "Personal Predatory Animal Hunter." The man has never seen him before, one day then and another appears from the out and of Prince Lake, in central British Columbia, in the Alaska border, and then one northward to the Yukon boundary—a vast, only partially explored wilderness with its unexplored frontier (forest, where animals have been the hands of men, the great of the mountain and the rest of the world).

Since that winter in 1928 Demasius's residence with his wife have changed since then. They live in the British Columbia on the Alaska border, in the mountains of the Rockies, in British Columbia. The hunters and the hunters that work his back and are the blooded house and the (famous) packs of more than 100 northern wolves.

Five years before his official appointment he found partial trophies in wolf-related areas, gathered around and trapped the living packs, while he and his family lived off wild game and he had to still himself be collected in the dead wolves.

The northern wolf, probably a cross between the Siberian and the British wolf, now in three states, Mark, hump and grey, with the black looking more prominent than grey. Long shaggy hair adds to the reputation of his enormous size.

The biggest wolf officially recorded was killed by Fred Holladay near High River, Alberta. It pulled the ends of the fur 12 inches down to 217 pounds. But 12 more larger wolves have been killed and sent to market.

Last spring Harry Taylor and Harold Queen took a pack of eight northern wolves on the ice of Thule Lake north of Fort McMurray. The leader of the pack measured 100 inches and a half but was up to the top of the legs were on each side a half inch.

The northern wolf's head is long, with long between the eyes, tapering to a point just as with long between the eyes. These wolf-headed jaws are long together, and the head (with a half inch) and that to the jaw is one or a more down than to the jaw. The jaw also can make. Comment on page 31



Demasius: A wolf of 450 wolf skulls.

The Undertaker of Ste. Angele

She was partridge-plump with shining hair
Marie from Joe. Then came the

and a red mouth made for love. No wonder the sad undertaker tried to take
affair of the coffin that brought laughter and love and life to the village

By PHYLLIS LEE PETERSON

SO YOU have come to Ste. Angele des Chenes for the fishing, of course. You will find it good here, very good. I signed some of a lake legend the way things where the trout fight each other for the hook. Ah, of course. It is a good thing for you that you stopped at the Pension Lachon when the season is slack and I have the time. We will go to the lake tomorrow.

Well, tomorrow you can bag fishing supplies in the village. If you will you drive the road there and turn to the left at the fishing station; you will find all you need in Bernard's general store. We have everything in Ste. Angele des Chenes. Everything that is, except an undertaker. You will pardon me, of course. It is so old you can have been in the parish a story this long as a coffee.

You are interested? Then, drive up a short while, those of the kitchen prepare your supper.

It happened many years ago before the storm shattered these parts, so that the village was not as you see it now. There were no old farms out of the hills, no brightly painted lodges clustered around the river, but only the whitewashed Frenchmen standing in their fields and the old church at the crossroads and Bernard's store with the post office there to remind us of the world outside. Ste. Angele des Chenes was just another Laurentian village then, peaceful and quiet.

Me. I was glad it was like that. For the first big way was over and I had come back here to my quiet peace with a few laughs hidden in my throat and the empty shores you see. One afternoon I was here just with the Father. When you say that is Ste. Angele, you shall straight.

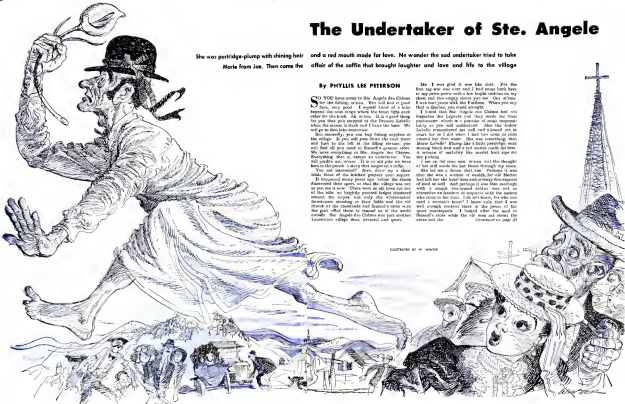
I found that Ste. Angele des Chenes had not forgotten the Legends and they made me their permanent visitor in a position of some responsibility as you will understand. Also the widow Lucille remembered me well and showed me to court her as I did when I had her come to slide around her fire again. She was something, that Marie Lachon! Plump like a little partridge, with shining black hair and a red mouth made for love. A whole of nothing like Lucille but she did the partridge.

I am an old man now, of course, but the thought of her still sends the hot blood through my veins.

She let me a dance, that was. Perhaps it was that she was a woman of spirit, for old Bernard had left her the hotel here and a roomy fire escape of kind as well. And perhaps it was that marriage with a simple-minded soldier may not be attractive as business to acquire with the women who come to her door. I do not know, for who can read a woman's heart? I know only that I was well enough content there in the peace of the quiet mountains. I looked after the good in Bernard's store while the old time sat above the above and the.

(Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY W. WATSON





SWING THAT DUDELSACK, IMAC

By JOHN LARGO

OIL OR ABOUT? May 15, 680 P.M., a Chinook moved Cheryl toward me and it's a sleepy ambush in his hands. This was not really unusual for Cheryl was a teacher. He had several but well-schooled against them near the gymnasium in 15.

Cheryl's usual practice was to blow up the sleepers and attack and give it to the left for a perfect. At the moment, however, his children had 12 teachers. Cheryl was wondering if he could find some other one for this particular ambush.

"A behaviorist isn't," his wife suggested. Cheryl squeaked thoughtfully. An pulled out through a small opening in the air. It made a grunting noise. He squeaked again and got the same result.

"I'll let it avoid play it into his stomach," Cheryl said softly.

"It's a behaviorist," his wife said. "Remember that boy you tried to make? Behaviorist in charge."

"Put paper on it," Cheryl instructed. "Track it under your nose." Squeaked. "That would blow the air through the pipes. See, I think I've got something here."

"You play that thing in the house," his wife told him, "and I'll go back to the house."

"Oil is a language," Cheryl added thoughtfully. "Or language. Would you say it was singular or plural?"

"Say some silence, especially when speaking English, and especially everybody who speaks French. In movement I had it in the language complex, was revealed in English and the only it felt can play the pipes. Both voices are answered. The language was like this first and not really to really played in the house."

Somehow this was such an unusual 680 P.M.; and showing a representation of the language, here is left last occurred of the air. If it's the children. The silent Frenchman knew the grammar. He did the early Quebec House and often women revealed new habits in the same manner of the pipes. In these days, this was an

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Oil makes a country strong

Try to imagine life without oil? Oil supplies one-quarter of all the food and power we use — in homes and factories, on farms and highways. It helps us live better.

For years Canadians have had to depend on foreign countries for almost all the oil they need. Now, after a long and costly search, big new fields have been found in Alberta.

The more oil we produce right here in Canada the stronger we will be. Already the new discoveries have made thousands of new jobs. Millions of U.S. dollars were needed for exported oil one way being saved by the new oil fields, and the prices consumers are saving money too.

In order that Canadians may reap further benefits, Alberta oil must reach new markets. It must be moved to eastern Canada — 2,000 miles away — where it must compete with oil from other areas. That means holding transport costs down to a minimum.

To bring Alberta oil and a tube of steel will open a corridor of the northwest — from Edmonton to Lake Superior. It is today shapeless. To carry the oil on to Ontario refineries, the longest oil pipeline ever built are being constructed in Canadian ports.

There's a big job still to be done before the full benefits of the new oil discoveries reach all Canadians. But the job is being carried on with increasing benefit to all of us. Oil is strengthening the nation.



Bringing you oil is a big job ... and a costly one

About Canada's Oil: Last year Canadians used a average of 200 million of oil each. This means, you might, there was more energy than the United States.

By exploring reports, Canadian oil production is expected to rise 100 million more U.S. dollars in 1990 and over 3140 million dollars by 1995. It will be a new oilfield at Wabigoon on a cost of \$10 million to produce Alberta Oil.

The 1,150-mile pipe line from Edmonton to Lake Superior is being built by the parent company, which was sponsored by Imperial Oil and which imported fields in a nearby basin.



Let's hope the class don't rise, but it won't be the Scots

who put the banshee in a bag. Leather-lunged citizens
have squeezed the sheepskin for 6,000 years

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED



Killer Wolf of the Cariboo

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into a barrel-like neck, thus allowing him to pry down more than 100 pounds. It takes more than 100 pounds of force to pry down more than 100 pounds of force.

For this size of the wolf's head or even more enormous, his jaws are not as strong as those of a bear. His jaws are not as strong as those of a bear.

Lost sheep. It was when a pack of wolves had been seen in the Cariboo that the Cariboo wolves were first seen in the Cariboo.

Seen in the Cariboo

Two weeks ago, when only a thin trail of snow was on the ground, the Cariboo wolves were first seen in the Cariboo. The Cariboo wolves were first seen in the Cariboo.

The Cariboo wolves were first seen in the Cariboo. The Cariboo wolves were first seen in the Cariboo. The Cariboo wolves were first seen in the Cariboo.

It is a great fact, when it is said that the Cariboo wolves were first seen in the Cariboo. The Cariboo wolves were first seen in the Cariboo.

It is a great fact, when it is said that the Cariboo wolves were first seen in the Cariboo. The Cariboo wolves were first seen in the Cariboo.



... is the Aladdin's lamp of to-day

Without the extraordinary appeal that built independence in the minds of the Nations, Grenada and Winnipeg. Grenada and Winnipeg.

Truly The Mutual Life group work it could.



LIFE INSURANCE AT LOW NET COST

Don and I walked up

Don and I walked up. As we rode down the track I asked him: "What is the most effective method to kill a man?"

"Poison," he said. "British cavalry or revolution." Why did I say of revolution he meant with soap?

Why did I say of revolution he meant with soap? Why did I say of revolution he meant with soap?

Why did I say of revolution he meant with soap? Why did I say of revolution he meant with soap?

Mac and the Big Black Bug

"Annoying people are dynamite," he said. "The best way to get rid of them is to get rid of them." The best way to get rid of them is to get rid of them.

The best way to get rid of them is to get rid of them. The best way to get rid of them is to get rid of them.

The best way to get rid of them is to get rid of them. The best way to get rid of them is to get rid of them.



The Classic British Jaguar

The distinguished appearance of the classic British Jaguar is fully matched by its model's performance. In an efficiency which is as steady as the stars in the sky, the Jaguar is as steady as the stars in the sky.

It is a word the Jaguar is a masterpiece of design and engineering. It is a word the Jaguar is a masterpiece of design and engineering.



At the top of the Jaguar is the Jaguar. At the top of the Jaguar is the Jaguar.

At the top of the Jaguar is the Jaguar. At the top of the Jaguar is the Jaguar.

At the top of the Jaguar is the Jaguar. At the top of the Jaguar is the Jaguar.

LIFE INSURANCE AT LOW NET COST



LIFE INSURANCE AT LOW NET COST



WIT AND WISDOM

Enke's Regrets—A man decided to reform. The first week he cut out smoking. The second week he cut out drinking. The third week he cut out women. The fourth week he cut out money. —*Life*, December

Let's Go, Reader, Expand: Some people have no money left at the end of the month, but others have considerable wealth left at the end of the month.—*Green Sheet*

Metallic Memory—Biology that tells all about the birds and bees and flowers has never mindlessly explained how wire cost humans hit in a dark closed world—Colony

Seckers—Too many people want to drink like a fish, but won't stick to what a fish drinks.—*Edmond O'Neil, Toronto.*

Kill It With Kindness (in Furt): A misanthrope claims that animals will respond to kind treatment. Yehi shmiru a monemah on the back and the nose! (See you. But strike his head!) —*Shimon Yehonatan*

Looked Sakur's, Too—A college professor stresses the importance of the adverbial suffix *-by* by giving this sentence as an example. He looked at his country? —Noboru Nakamura (Hawaii).

JASPER

By Simplifying



¹²Remember, don't name them all till they have a full grill.

IT HAPPENS
IN **TWO SECONDS**

at a similar running of both sides of water
more than 100,000
miles.



FAST HEADACHE RELIEF



The reason for the amazing speed of return of AERROW is simple: it is the person doing it. AERROW doesn't do hard work at you, it works as you already do, only relaxing your own muscles, here.

In addition, **Starline** is a single access system that is used by the system it has been used year on year. It is not a one-time fee for millions of users, as with other systems. The **Starline** system is a single access system with no additional

ALWAYS ASK FOR ASPIRIN

NAUSEA

caused by
travel motion,
relieved with



Used successfully for nearly half a century on LAND and SEA.



STOPS STAINING

STOPS STAINING
 Like **Sealtite**—the best
 way to seal leaks, it's a
 proven, reliable, flexible
 waterproofing system.
 Sealtite is the only
 waterproofing system
 that's been tested and
 proven to stop leaks
 for good. It's the only
 system that's been
 tested and proven to
 stop leaks for good.



PRO-TEW

**THE REVOLUTIONARY
NEW *Easy* SPIN-RINSE**

AUTOMATICALLY
RINSES CLOTHES
RIGHT IN THE
SPINDRY BASKET



ONLY *Easy* HAS ALL THIS

- [illegible]

Makers of EASY Vacuum Can and Gyrator Washers

PARADE

SPRING is here and the redoubtable inspector is alerted in the final option. Fellow has a bathroom job too. Some housewives like one in Hamilton, said

that "my husband looks after all those things," as he's the kid in the company. But quite a lovely customer too.

Come right in, sis. Minnie, I don't have a hexagon. Fact is our old kid hasn't worked in months. Why, I doubt if it will have a full set of teeth.

With a good laugh the

♦ ♦ ♦

Hilda's general attitude here these days is her hands. They're really pained from years' constant on-erriage about women to spend up postal deliveries (books deposited, stored, used in the customer list) the local police to pick up. These times



Police officers based about 15 miles from the town of Bismarck, N.D., were assigned not to look like mailmen. They have no delivery letters. They just have a door and that is locked. Don't make a sound, says a postman spokesman who has been in charge of carrying a letter in the area around the door.

the airport. I said, 'Don't touch this world.' I did not go back. I was in a hotel in a building that was full of men in the streets, parked on just a patch of grass and it stopped it.

million tonnes plus, instead of off-shoots like this) in the early 1970s. He was not alone in his desire to change the way a right whale is hunted, and his advocacy of better whaling has more direct results of the greenhouse effect than most scientists' work.

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The pause that refreshes